

S. DAVIS, CONFEDERATE SCOUT.

(Continued from Page Two.)

whom promise could not betray or danger make afraid, this young knight of the South thanked Gen. Dodge for the interest he had shown, and was led back to prison to await his doom. A courtmartial was ordered, and under its stern mandate a sentence of death was passed in its most ignominious form. Davis had expected that he would be shot as a soldier, but the sentence was that he should be hung as a spy, and the hour of the execution was fixed between the hours of ten in the morning and two in the evening. He received the sentence of the military tribunal with composure, and never once did he give way to lamentation or useless grief. His thoughts were busy, though, and they flew back to his home and mother, the invisible chord was touched, whose music is sweeter than any lute touched by mortal hand, and from his soul came one last pure note before the casket which held the jewel of an immortal life fell and was broken forever. On the night before his execution he wrote this farewell to his mother from his prison cell:

"Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn.,
"November 26, 1863.

"Dear Mother—Oh, how painful it is to write to you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you goodbye forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

"Your son, Samuel Davis."

This breathes the love of his noble heart, and is in accord with his fine, manly nature. There is no complaint, no bravado, no fierce invective against his captors, no storm of passion against his accusers, no craven fear of death. In simple, unadorned statement the awful fate which the day will bring, in forgetfulness of self, in the last wish that there shall be no useless grief, but that he shall not be forgotten when dead, this boy seems to have been endowed with a spirit above mortality, and an angel must have come from on high to have guided him that night, and sweet were the dreams that came to the soldier boy.

His Final Hour.

When the morning sun of an autumn day rose above the circling hills in one of the most entrancing portions of Tennessee, and light had scattered the black legions of night, the boy arose even as a sun of light clear as its rays, beautiful as its myriad forms. At 10 in the morning the drum beats are heard vexing the air with ominous and baleful sounds. Men in blue uniforms are hurrying in rank. The regiment is formed, arms are shouldered, the bugle is sounded, the march is begun. It was not necessary—only a useless formality of war—to send so many men against one defenseless boy; but all the soldiers who ever trod the earth could not make him afraid, for his heart was pure as Arthur's of the Round Table, his courage as high as all the legions of Julius Caesar. A wagon was driven up to the jail, and Davis was escorted from his cell and climbed upon it. Standing erect he looked around and waved his hands to two other Confederate prisoners, who had been captured before, and who were confined in another part of the jail. This alone would be enough to show the utter absence of fear—the cool collection of all his faculties. And when the curtain has rung down on this act in the noblest drama the world has seen of all life's tragedies, we might dismiss the two Confederates who were left in the prison, as they do those characters on the mimic boards when, having played their small parts, are heard and seen no more. But fate has woven these two into the very texture of the story of this immortal death. One of them was Joshua Brown, a fellow-scout with Davis, who had also been captured by the Federals, and who has lived to add his testimony to those stirring events, while the other man was Capt. Shaw, the chief of the scouts, the very person who had given the papers to Davis, with instructions to deliver them to Gen. Bragg. Here again each succeeding scene heightens in human interest, the color becomes deeper, and Davis looms in heroic form greater and greater with each passing moment. It is said that Brown and Shaw knew of the terms of the offer of life to Davis, and when the salutation came Shaw exclaimed, as if answering the question which he himself had asked, and upon which his own life depended, "He will never tell."

Would Have Hung Shaw.

Gen. Dodge said that he did not know until after Shaw had been sent to the North as a prisoner of war that he was the person who had given the papers and information to Davis to be carried to Bragg, and that if Davis had told him, his own life would surely have been saved, and that Shaw would have met his fate. But why, some may ask, did not

Shaw himself cry out when he saw this boy led to his death, "I alone am responsible; this young man was under my orders; he only obeyed; if anyone is to die let it be me." Ah, it was asking too much, for Shaw, brave as he was, and willing as thousands are to meet death when it comes, but, like millions more, he would avert it until the last hour, for his life was more precious to him than the life of another man. But if Shaw had possessed the heart and soul of Davis he would have been hung in his stead, and the story of Damon and Pythias, coming down to us from the mists of antiquity, would have been repeated; but not in all respects, for in the ancient story both the friends were saved, and in the modern one must surely die, for Dionysius, tyrant though he was, could spare for fidelity, but war knows neither age, nor youth, nor pity. Shaw acted just as others would have acted; Davis acted as only he could act. He sat on the coffin in the wagon, which was to hold his body when the spirit had fled, and no king in the robes of purple was ever more princely than this young man in his faded uniform, and none has ever lived to rule a people who had as fine a soul as beneath the royal rose, for Davis gave his life, and it was all he had to give. To save it was worth to him all the domains of all the rulers of earth. It was above the price of all the jewels that ever glittered in coronets. But precious as it was, it was not worth his honor and his sense of duty.

When the scaffold reached Davis mounts it as if he is ascending a throne. He asks with perfect composure how long he has to live, and is told that fifteen minutes is all that is left of life for him. There is the dangling rope that is to strangle the fair young throat and stop the parting breath. Davis asks for news of the war, and is told of the reverses of the Confederates at Missionary Ridge. He expresses his regret, and then, with a tinge of sadness, said, "After this the boys will have to fight their battles without me."

The hearts of his executioners were melted with pity that one so young had to die, and the duty which stern war had imposed upon them could not prevent the signs from being manifest. The executioner even apologized for his cruel work, when Davis assured him that he did not blame him; that he knew he was only doing his duty. A courier was sent from the headquarters of Gen. Dodge, and again his life was offered to him for his secret, but he again refused to divulge it, and finally said, "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

How sweet it is to live; how hard it is to die! What efforts do we make to ward off the end; how we struggle with brain and hand for existence, for the world's triumphs and its joys. How we ply the oar blades in those frail barks which hold mortality, and resist as long as we can the onward sweep of the waters of that strange river which poets call the river of life. But whether we will or not, our boats sail out on the mystic sea, vanish from sight, and from out of the darkness never a sound is heard, never a light is seen. Did this young man want to live as he stood there

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Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—MRS. ALYSSA SPERLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

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like a day god and saw the dangling noose, the mark of infamy and civilization's badge of barbarism? His mind was clear, the blood of youth was coursing and leaping in his veins. He had built his castles in the air. Life was before him and earth around him, with its untasted joys, its unknown sorrows; mother and home and loved ones were not far away. But this boy gave them all for his honor, and looked death in the face without a murmur and without a tremor. The minutes flew, the clock struck, the noose is adjusted, the black cap is drawn, and the slender figure, unspotted with sin, is writhing and twisting between earth and heaven. The bells ceased ringing, the red currents stopped and congealed in their courses, all motion ceased—death had come, the bark was out at sea, and the "breathing miracle into silence passed."

The Man and His Death.

How can I speak of this man and his death? What power can come to me to tell of the pathos, the deep meaning of it all? It is above and beyond the power of words. It rises from the earth and reaches heaven. As looking upon the restless billows of the ocean, or the blue of the sky, the mind cannot formulate its musing or express the thoughts which are stirred, but falls back weary, dejected and mystified, and all the philosophers of the world, all the cults, all our faith, cannot help us to understand. But the sea and the sky are so familiar that only once and anon do their mysteries come upon us with profound and conscious force, accentuating our smallness in the divine plan, leaving us like children in the dark, without a hand to guide.

So it is with the life and death of Davis. They are familiar to everybody in Tennessee, the theme of orators and the subject of verse. But at last when the mind, chaste of all fugitive thoughts and purged of all grossness, views the scaffold and the rope, we see at our very doors a scene which for human grandeur and sublimity reaches the ultimate of human conception, and in the sweep of years will grow to yet more splendid proportions. No one with brush, or chisel, or pen, with thought, or tongue of eloquence, is able to reach and describe the heights which this boy trod when he gave his innocent young life that day. Blind Homer, who sung the story of Troy; Milton, who told of the loss of Paradise; Shakespeare, who sounded every depth and touched every shore of humanity, nor all the other masters, can nothing add and nothing take from the simple majesty which clothes the death of Davis.

On Calvary the Son of God died, with cruel nails driven through his quivering flesh, the crown of thorns pressed down upon his agonized brow, and since then the cross has been the Christian's sign in every land. And which of us has the right to say that if He who created the earth and the sky and every living thing on sea and land, whose mysteries baffle, but whose providence is over all, could give the Son of Mary to teach men how to live, could not also give this son of Tennessee to teach men how to die?

A Beautiful Conception.

Before concluding I wish to invite your attention to what seems to me a beautiful and most appropriate conception of the committee who had charge of this work, and who have so unselfishly and patriotically performed their labors. The figure of Sam Davis, when the veil is lifted, will reveal the genius of the sculptor and will stand, as will be observed, on a pedestal and surrounded by marble quarried from the hills of Tennessee, in the centre of a heart-shaped enclosure, suggesting at once that his name and memory live in the great heart of his native State, from whose dust he came and to whose dust he has returned.

This spot will be sacred evermore to those who love the pure, the true, the brave, for it is dedicated to the knightly tenants of the soul. Let mothers bring their children here to learn the story of his young life and triumphant death, to know that the brave man really never dies, that truth is worth more than gold, that honor is more precious than life. Let those of us who have put on the armor, met in the shock of life's conflicts, dealt and received wounds, now gather at this shrine, forget the petty rivalries that gnaw at the soul and fetter the pinions of noble aspirations, and at the feet of Sam Davis remember that we, too, are Tennesseans; that here we meet on common ground, and from this holy precinct let us go to forgive and forget. With his memory and its pervading inspiration, let us face the future, and bring to the service of our State and our country a higher measure of responsibility, deeper and truer conceptions of duty.

In the name of Tennessee, illustrious in peace and war, whose star has shone resplendently in the glorious canopy of the Union for more than a century of time, and whose justre is

AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH.

Another Phase of Immigration as Seen in Census Reports.

(New Orleans Picayune.)

The census of 1900 showed that of the North Atlantic States 22.6 per cent of the population was foreign born. Of the North Central States the foreign percentage was 15.8. Of the Western division the foreign element was 20.7 per cent. On the other hand, in the South Atlantic States the foreign element was only 2.1 per cent; in the South Central it was 2.5 per cent. Thus it is seen that the Southern States are inhabited by a native American population, while enormous additions of foreigners have been made to all the Northern and Western States, as foreign immigrants during nearly the whole of the past decade have been coming in at the rate of nearly a million a year, so that the next census will show an enormously increasing proportion of foreigners. It would not be surprising to find that there are Northern and Western States that will show by next year's census a predominance of foreigners.

If such a state of things should induce native Americans from such States to seek associations and conditions more to their tastes, nothing could be more natural. That there is a steady flow of Northern people seeking homes in the South has become a more noticeable feature of the recent drift of population, and that it will steadily increase is to be confidently expected. It is certain that many have come to Louisiana, where they have found conditions of climate and of agriculture greatly to their advantage, while business opportunities are offered on every hand to capital and enterprise.

To avoid serious results take Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of kidney or bladder disorder such as backache, urinary irregularities, exhaustion, and you will soon be well. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy to-day. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; Stonecypher Pharmacy, Westminster.

Blind Preacher Lynched.

Talbotton, Ga., June 24.—After being taken from his house Saturday night by a posse, the body of a blind negro traveling preacher was found near here yesterday in a creek. He had made speeches urging negroes not to work for whites, which angered the whites. The public indignation against him was further inflamed by the fact that he stopped at the house of the negro, William Carroker, who was lynched Tuesday night.

DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

undimmed by the passing of years, I receive this statue of her soldier boy.

I speak for every living man who wore the grey, whose sands of life are running swift and low, on whose ears soon the last command will come to pitch their white tents on the silent fields and wait for the resurrection morn.

For the South, the shades of whose immortals roam the earth in high procession—stronger for every danger she has passed, richer for every son whose blood was shed, dearer for every tear that has fallen from the eyes of love, more beautiful for every scar that war has made.

But when I speak of these, let me remember, for we should never forget, those rare women of the older day, who bore the bravest sons the world has ever seen, typified by the sainted mother who brought this, her first-born, into the world, who heard his first weak cry, who nourished him at her breast and crooned the lullaby which hushed him to slumberland, whose spirit long ago joined her boy in Paradise, and rests with him in eternal bowers of bliss, and shares with him the smile of the Living God.

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SALOON WRECKED BY BOMB.

Thirtieth of Mysterious Series in Chicago—A Number Hurt.

Chicago, Ill., June 25.—Another bomb, the thirtieth of a mysterious series during the last two years, wrecked the saloon of Manning & Doves at 321 State street, here today, causing a loss of \$2,000. Windows in a nearby department store and a restaurant were shattered by the force of the explosion.

Michael Yargarbarkin, who was asleep at his fruit stand near the place, who was buried under the debris, was rescued and taken to a hospital. James West, who was passing the saloon at the time, sustained slight injuries. Corporal Benjamin Bertwhistle, L. Martin, Wm. Fredericks and Henry Rutrough, of the United States army recruiting station, were thrown from their beds in the recruiting office above the saloon. They were not hurt.

Whether the bomb was thrown in the so-called gamblers' war, which has mystified the police for a long time, or was thrown as the result of a personal quarrel at the proprietors of the saloon, is not known. The police expressed a belief in the latter theory.

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PRESIDENT PARDONS A BOY.

He Had Stolen a Book to Gratify His Thirst for Knowledge.

Atlanta, Ga., June 25.—Abram Rhodes, the fourteen-year-old boy, who was recently convicted in the Federal Courts of stealing a book out of the post office at Bluff Ridge, Ga., has been pardoned by President Taft.

The book taken by young Rhodes was a text book, covering subjects about which the boy wished to inform himself. He had been a student at Young Harris College and is still attending school there pending sentence under his conviction.

It is understood that the unusual circumstances attending the small theft—notably the boy's evident thirst for knowledge—induced President Taft to pardon the youthful offender.

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A Metamorphosed Tillman.

(Manning Times.)
Imagine Capt. Ben Tillman in 1890 going over South Carolina advocating putting oil paintings on the free list. In those days if charged with such views he would have scorned his accuser and withered him with a retort of being a Bourbon and Plutocrat. The getting away from his Edgfield barnyard, and going out into civilization has broadened his views and he forgets his pitchfork.

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